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Poetry.

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

Strife beautiful! the dolphin wears
Its glory to the last,
So, richest are the forest robes
Before the autumn blast.
Now in a shower of gold I stand,
And rainbow-river dyes,
The crimson harvest, touched with fire,
Glittering around me lies.
Each dear-loved tree has shuddering felt
God's coming wintry breath,
And round her shivering form has wrapped
The warmest robe of death.
Above—how like a shining host
Of banners all unfurled!
Beneath, a sea of living gold
In easy billows whirled.
Nearer now the sweet green turf and flowers
That blossomed underneath!
Gone, and their faded glories wrapped
In Autumns blasted wreath.
The music—oh! how changed; yet still
A living voice is here;
The requiem song of Summer-time
Falls sadly on my ear.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

BY HARRIET SIMMONS.

Why should we weep at earthly grief,
Or pine for earthly joy?
The sharpest sorrows here are brief,
The sweetest pleasures cloy.
At most, but tiny sails we are,
Across an ocean driven,
And though we wander long and far,
Our only port is Heaven.
We seek for gold, but soon are won,
We yield our parting breath;
We strive for fame, when scarce begun
The race is stopped by death.
Why are we born, if such is life?
Know then the boon is given,
That you and I, by earnest strife,
May win a home in Heaven.

Miscellany.

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY HIMSELF.

Romance was the predominant feature of my mind in my youthful days. Love was my vision by night and by day. Every woman I met bore away with her some of my fancy, but generally a larger share of my resentment—for how often have I espied a lady in advance of me, with a step dignified like a Juno's, whose every moment developed a resistless desire to know her, but who, upon getting a glance at her features, by a vast deal of trouble, would prove to be the ugliest woman imaginable! Such accidents were trying to the most potent soul; but I generally lost my chagrin in the inspiration of some other object.
Having occasion to go to the opposite end of the city from that in which I resided, (Old Town) one day, it happened that I saw a hack stop, which a lady was in the act of leaving, and whose place I took. An object so transcendently beautiful I thought I had never before seen. All about her was surpassingly lovely! So much was I confused by the sudden apparition, that, in the momentary glance I got, I could not recall her features after she had disappeared. The hack dashed away with great speed; but, accidentally glancing at the floor, I perceived a small package which I hastily took up. It contained a few trifles, such as ladies are in the habit of making use of. Examining further, I discovered a card upon which was pencilled lightly No. 21—street. There was no one in the carriage but myself; and I immediately came to the conclusion that the handsome lady must be the loser. Stopping the vehicle, I descended and stood for a moment on the pavement, in deep meditation. It was growing twilight, and the walk to No. 21—street, was six or seven squares. An idea now entered my mind, which was to the nearest degree consistent with the ardor of my feelings. I re-entered and ordered the hackman to drive to No. 21—street. A golden prospect had commenced dancing fantastically upon my brain, which continued growing more excited as I hurried on to my destination.
The house was two stories, having an ascent of five or six steps to the door, up which I proceeded, and rang the bell. At this moment I discovered I had lost the package of goods!

PORTAGE SENTINEL

"The Constitution—The Safeguard of our Federal Compact."—James K. Polk.

Volume 1.

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What should I do? I waived the question and submitted to fate.
"Is Miss Smith within?" I inquired. (I knew no other name; and, as a guess, that afforded a larger field for a hit.) The servant bowed assent, inviting me to walk in, which I did—when I was shown into a parlor where was seated a young man who stared inquisitively at me.
"I have," said I, "a message for Miss Smith."

"She will be here presently," replied he, laconically.
The door opened, revealing the identical lady of the hack. My wits were now to be tested, or the result would be embarrassing.

"Miss Smith," ventured I, with a leaping heart, having made a visit to the country to one of my friends, our conversation there turned one evening into a channel which brought your name into mention. One of the persons present learning that I was from Baltimore, desired me upon returning hither, to call at your house, and leave his compliments. I have pleasure in the consciousness of having fulfilled my trust."

"Permit me to enquire the name of the person alluded to," said she. This was a point which my foresight had not provided for; and it became very difficult to answer. However, there was no time to be lost, and I boldly replied, "Mr. James Smoker."

"It must be a mistake," said she reflectively; "I have no remembrance of any such individual."
In the delectable sense which pervaded my whole being, because in the presence of the very maiden whom fate had singled out as the partner of my destiny, I lost all prudence and judgment. It was almost impossible to disguise the impassioned tones which urged themselves upon my tongue; it would have been folly to do so. My very soul spoke for me:

"It is no mistake, Miss Smith; it were sin to plead in such terms, should another but yourself attempt it. Who can speak in mistake, when speaking of you? The mistake would be an inconsistency, an outrage upon right. The sense of the soul, when once by beauty beguiled into love, retains a fadeless remembrance—the effect is too lively to be erased!"

"Your language is quite incomprehensible to me! Pray explain yourself further," said she, with a look of puzzled wonder.
"Oh, I mean, that no one can gaze upon your charms without becoming an adorer of their magic. Therefore it is not possible there can be any mistake. Fadeless affection springs into life wherever your presence casts its power! Your features speak an endless language of undying love. You have already engaged my affections so entirely that my whole life shall be obedient to your commands! Oh, continued I, attempting to take her hand, "I should be the happiest of mortals with such a star glimmering its favor upon my path, and disseminating all its holy influences around me, through an atmosphere of bliss!"

I had not entirely finished this rhapsody of unconnected yet ardent sentiments, when the lady marched off in most pompous state, uttering several epithets of dubious application, as she passed through the door, which she slammed after her. I stood a moment, petrified with wonder at her conduct; then turning round, I scratched my head, in the hope it could furnish me with the relief my situation is so much in need of. In turning I became sensible of the presence of a third person, who was scampering from one side of the apartment to the other, peering, with excited solicitude, into every corner of the room. It is ever better to make one's exit without the ceremonies of courtesy, than to be the companion of so eccentric a character, thought I; therefore I directed my course towards the door. Missing the door by which I had entered, I steered for one which was locked. A weight of anxiety pressed upon me, at being thus foiled; so, turning in haste for the proper door, I ran into the manoeuvring gentleman's arms, one of which held upstaid a staff of rather formidable size, and to all appearances levelled at my head. The approximate relation I held to him, caused the stroke to descend safely beyond me. He now grasped me firmly and with fierce hostility, while all my energies were concentrated upon a retreat. After a desperate struggle, I found myself upon my antagonist, who lay supinely upon the floor, still violently disposed for the contest. By a

well directed exertion I released myself from his embrace, and rushed for the door. There came the servants running up the hall, vociferating loudly—one with a broom-stick, another with a pair of tongs, which implements claimed a quite intimate acquaintance with my person, before I reached the hall door. But I did reach it, and, once opened, I sprang through it—into the arms of a watchman! His hold was instantaneously fixed upon my coat-skirts. My intercourse with the neighborhood having been already protracted beyond my desire, putting my "shoe-sticks" in requisition, I dashed off. The watchman, however, retained his hold upon my skirts, and followed. Presently I heard a crack! Thanks to fortune, it was one of my skirts, the other remaining firm. My strength was now exhausted, and there was but one mode of release. I left most of my garment in the watchman's hands, thus literally "clearing my skirts." He rolled heels over head—nor did I stop to succor him!

Reader, I am now a single man and a confirmed bachelor.

INDUSTRY.—Demosthenes, when asked the first requisite to eloquence, replied, "action," when asked the second, he replied, "action," and the third he still replied, "action." Industry bears the same relation to agriculture, that action did to eloquence in the estimation of the Athenian orator. With industry the farmer may accomplish every thing, and without it he can do nothing. Let him then study the value of time. Time is his great capital, and should be well invested. The wealth of the world, its high civilization, all its magnificent improvements, have been created and fashioned by the labor and industry of man. The poorest soil and most unfavorable climate are scarce impediments to an industrious and energetic people. Look at Holland, reclaimed from the ocean, fenced in by her embankments and mud walls, literally a similar garden, where once there was nothing but bogs and ocean's wave. Look at Switzerland, where an industrious and hardy peasantry, contending against the avalanches of snow and ice and the embodiment of crushing masses of rocks falling and crushing for miles square every thing before them, having cut the hills and mountains in terraces and planted them with vines. Lands which before were worse than nothing, by this improvement sell for ten thousand francs per acre.

Is it not so.—An excellent contemporary remarks that there are comparatively few persons who have troubles, which they do not contribute to make themselves. In truth, serious trouble rarely visits one who is always upright, unassuming, prudent, and disposed to be contented with a moderate share of this world's comforts. It is by grasping at the shadow that men lose the substance of things. It is by neglecting comparative competence for prospective wealth and luxury, that so many die at the threshold of beggary, and find a last home in Potter's Field. The curse of our people is a universal desire to be pointed at as self made. The excellent boot maker wants to be an alderman, so he betakes himself to grog shops and political gatherings. His family suffers, he destroys his business; the ungrateful people do not make him an alderman, and he dies of exposure and intemperance.

The third-rate lawyer thinks he would figure to advantage at Washington, and he forsakes his clients, and his comfortable income, for—nothing. The greatest trouble one can experience is that made by want. Want by industry, produce, and honorable conduct, can be avoided invariably. Rather be content with what you are, than by the prosecution of a vain ambition, forfeit every thing—honor, competence and happiness.

"Good Society."

The difficulty—nay, the absolute impossibility of convicting a rich man's son of a crime by any jury in this country, has grown into a proverb. Wealth is far more comprehensive than charity—the latter covers only a multitude of sins, whereas the former hides every thing. If a man is rich, he is respectable, worthy, intelligent, virtuous—he may break every commandment in the decalogue with perfect impunity. Like kings and priests, the rich can do no wrong.

We had an exemplification of the truth of this position in the city of Baltimore. Some of the scions of the "cod

fish aristocracy" of that city, committed a most heinous outrage upon a young and interesting German girl, who had been in this country but ten days; they were caught; one of them acknowledged the crime with which they were charged; and what was the result? Were they torn in pieces by an indignant mob? Were they strung up by the neck upon the first lamp post, like so many dogs—no—just listen. The court made no elimination upon their guilt or innocence, but admitted them all to bail, in a paltry penalty, and they are now at large, ready to give a fresh proof, on the first fitting occasion, that belong to the "first families." Who will say much longer that Justice is "blind"? She can certainly see the length of a rich man's purse—or what is the same thing, she can hear the jingle of the coin. Ours is a great country.

Chemistry of the Human Body.

The various theories, by which the philosophers accounted for animal heat have been, one after another, dropped, as they were found inconsistent with known natural laws, till at last Organic Chemistry has proved that our bodies are mere furnaces, so to speak, in which the elements of our being are consumed, and from which they are at last given off, in the forms of carbon and vapor. "In the animal body the food is fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen, we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion." In certain climates vegetable diet supplies a sufficient carbon to the system, and little or no animal food is necessary to support life; but remove man to Melville Island, where a greater amount of heat is expended in keeping the body at the natural temperature, and he would not only starve but freeze to death, if no more substantial food were afforded him than the fruits he fed upon before. One who goes scantily clothed, needs more nutritious food than one who dresses warmly; and in summer, every one feels less desire to eat than in winter, unless more violent exercise carries off a larger proportion of his substance by means of his respiration. It is a fact, stated by Franklin, in the account of his voyages north, that the fattest food became exceedingly palatable to those of his men, who at home, were surfeited by it; "if in hunting and fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume ten pounds of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain daily, as warm clad travellers have related, with astonishment, of those people."

Dr. Liebig shows by his analysis, that the fluids and solids of our bodies differ from each other but slightly.—Even that much abused bile, at whose door ignorance and quackery have often laid many ills, that only existed in greedy stomachs, disordered imaginations, evening potations, and morning indulgences, is proved to differ from our blood only in the proportion of a neutral salt which it contains; and far from being such a pernicious enemy of man, it is nothing more than fuel ready prepared for burning to keep him warm. With what astonishment would such individuals learn, that in their own systems there are daily secreted from seventeen to twenty four ounces of bile, while in the horse thirty seven pounds are daily manufactured, enough they would suppose to keep the whole family of mankind in jaundice for a year. These facts are proved by experiments.

CONSCIENCE has no temptation to be otherwise than faithful. It may be abused; it may be loaded down with weight, but cannot be crushed, the cauterizing iron may be applied, but though sacred, it cannot be killed. You may shut your eyes, but it will tremble in your nerves. When it cannot thunder, it will whisper, and when it cannot whisper, its silence is often more terrible than its utterance. It has a most tenacious memory, as well as a most tenacious sensibility. The testimony of a good conscience, therefore is more to be desired than mountains of gold.

PATRIOTISM.—Fellow sengers, said a newly elected lieutenant of militia, "I am all fired obligeed to you for this shove up in ranks you have given me. Feller sengers, I am not going to forget your kindness soon, not by a darned sight; I'll tell you what it is, I'll stick to my post like pitch to a pine board, so long as there's peace; but as I go in for rotation in office, if we should come to blows with the Britishers, I'll be darned if I don't resign right off, and give every feller a fair shake for fame and glory, and all that ere."

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ANECDOTE OF THE LATE SENATOR PORTER.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, writing from Attakapas, relates the following anecdote of the lamented Judge Porter, a man whose wit and presence of mind never deserted him on any occasion. We give the story in the words of the correspondent who signs himself "M."

Some years since, the Judge was dining with an individual of a daring and reckless character, for during the gin and otherwise injuring and destroying the property of his client, and in the fearless and independent discharge of that duty it became necessary to comment in strong terms on the conduct and habits of the defendant. The evidence, however, was not sufficiently strong to bring the facts directly home to him, and he was acquitted.

In the evening after trial, the Judge was sitting on the piazza of the tavern, entertaining the court, the jury and the bar with some of his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, when the defendant, looking as black as a thunder cloud ready to burst on his devoted head, requested a moment's private conversation with him. The Judge, although fully aware of the nature of this conversation, instantly followed him to a retired spot, under the shade of some lilac trees, when the substance of the following conversation occurred:

"Sir, you used such expressions about me to day as no gentleman can stand, and I am determined to have an apology or take instant satisfaction!"

"Why, sir," said the Judge, "my client instructed and paid me to say these things, and you had better see him—and you ought to be satisfied that he did not prove them."

"Sir, your client is a pitiful sneaking scoundrel, and I have thrashed him three times—and I intend to thrash all the endorsers of his infernal lies."

"And the Judge, 'do you remind me of?'"

"But hear me—you have plenty of time."

"Say on, then, be quick."
"Why you remind me of a dog—(here the defendant made an involuntary motion with his hand)—"of a dog that pursued and bit the stone that hit him instead of the hand that threw it." Defendant, scratching his head, "I wish I may be shot if I don't believe you are half right"—and turning away "I must go and whip that fellow again!"

AMUSEMENT OF THE LADIES.—Caught wearing the Breeches.—Two ladies, one young, beautiful and unmarried, the other a somewhat older, married lady, were, on Monday evening, arrested and conveyed to one of the station houses, New York, where they were locked up till morning, being found promenading the streets dressed in male attire. The reporter in noticing the case, says:

"The young lady, who belongs to one of the first families in the city, was jealous of her lover, and determined to watch his movements, and being somewhat fearful of going into the field alone, she requested her older friend to accompany her, to which she assented. They were discharged in the morning upon promising never to "wear the breeches again."

ARISTOCRACY.—When Gen. Foy, the celebrated orator, and foe of the Bourbon dynasty, was asked in the French Chamber of Deputies, what he meant when he used the word aristocracy, he replied:

"Aristocracy? I will tell you what I mean. Aristocracy is the league, the condition of those who wish to consume without working, to occupy all the offices, without being qualified to fill them, to carry off all the honors without having deserved them,—that is aristocracy!"

INDIANA AND OHIO.—It has become a saying, and a pretty true one too, that "as goes Indiana, so goes Ohio." Now let us see how this saying will correspond with the votes of the two States, at the close of the contest now approaching. The democratic party in Ohio, have all the votes, a party could desire. Their opponents have left themselves open to all sides, at the battle upon which to do or not to do, and the result is, that the democratic party are the victors.

democracy are all united, all in one belief, all have the same interest at stake in the political complexion of the next legislature. "In union there is strength," and in the Democratic party that union exists, and it is no more than reasonable to suppose that as Indiana has gone, so will go Ohio.—*Gallia Mirror.*

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From the (Dayton) Western Empire.

The Tax Law, again.

An attempt is making by some of the federal papers to show that, although the banker pays a tax upon the profits only of his money, he still pays as much into the treasury as the man who pays tax upon his whole capital. This is certainly a very singular doctrine, and we much mistake the intelligence of the people if they can be made to believe it. If no favoritism was intended why make a special provision for the banking capitalist? If all capital was to be on an equality, there was surely no occasion for more than one provision that would bring it upon the tax list.

If a has a farm and stock worth \$20,000, under the present law, he is listed for taxation whether his crops are good or bad. His neighbor B. may have the same amount invested in Bank stock, and if the profits—(mark it!) the profits—for the last year have been cut off by a neighboring bank explosion, or the absconding of a bank officer with the funds of the bank, there are no profits and consequently no taxation. This whole question can be placed in a nutshell; and we think the inequality and favoritism of the tax law too palpable almost to need illustration.

But there is another plan of scheme by which these bank capitalists can escape taxation. If a bank chooses it may contract its loans so that its profits may not exceed what its officers can cover up under the head of salaries and expenses, which last item may perchance include \$20,000 for a banking house, and thus be exempt from paying tribute to the government for years. These institutions have very little scruple as to the means by which they shall be benefited, and no one who is accustomed to their manner of making out "quarterly statements," (in which "expenses" are put down under the head of "resources" for instance,) but can see that the balancing of the two items of "liabilities" and "resources" is as simple as adding two and two.

Let these institutions, then, be placed upon an equality with individuals. This is according to the very letter and spirit of our constitution, and is genuine democratic doctrine. Let us have no privileged classes, but let all alike be made to contribute to the support of the government, and let not "chartered corporations of wealth" be erected in our midst who shall be able to say to those not invested with their special privileges, "I am not as thou art."

A Patriotic Sentiment.

We were told a few days since, that Mr. Van Brown, a whig, of Carroll County, Ohio, speaking of the threatened war of Mexico against the United States, said: I have talked against the annexation of Texas, fought against, and voted against it, but now, that Texas is annexed, it forms a part of our country, and I feel bound, in every emergency to fight for the country, the whole country and every part of the country, whenever it may be threatened or invaded by any foreign nation."

There are some whigs we wot of, whose patriotism runs in a very different channel; but the sentiment, which we have recorded comes from an honest heart, notwithstanding its possessor acts with the anti-American party.—*Stark County Democrat.*

A STRIKE.—We learn that the farm hands in the employ of the agent of the Springfield Manufacturing Company, at Jenckesville, nine in number, made a strike for higher wages one day last week. They had been getting but four and sixpence per day, board included, and asked an increase of their wages to one dollar. The agent denying them the reasonable compensation asked for, they refused to work. Let our readers should be disposed to attach unnecessary blame to the agent for refusing to pay his hands over four and sixpence a day, we would state in justice to him that he is a great stickler for protection to American labor, always insisting that "protection to the manufacturer is protection to the laborer."—*Hampden (Mass.) Post.*

That is just the way "protection" (as